



HOPKINS'

NEW-ORLEANS

5 CENT SONG-BOOK.

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H O P K I N S'

NEW-ORLEANS

5 CENT SONG-BOOK.

V O L U N T E E R

MESS SONG.

Here's to our Generals brave, who we know will
well behave,
With their officers and soldiers to sustain em ha, ha,
Foes, in meeting the Louisiana Guards, had better
square their yards,
And stear clear of this our happy land of Caanan.

Chorus---Huzza, boys, huzza, we're off now to the wars,

The rights of our country sustaining ;
And all we ask is the chance to be put in the front ranks,

When we meet em in the happy land of Caanan.

When the enemy heaves in sight, we'll cry with all our might,

On, on boys, let's give our foes a training,
With one accord we'll shout, wipe the abolitionists out,

For invading this our happy land of Caanan.

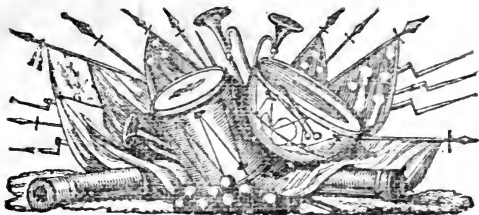
Chorus---Huzza, boys, huzza, we're off now to the wars, etc,

Then here's to Southern Rights, in whose cause we are engaged to fight,

Our conduct shall tell in the strife we're now engaged in ;

And our lives we'll deadly sell, the invaders to repel
From this our happy land of Caanan.

Chorus---Huzza, boys, huzza, we're off now to the wars, etc.



HURRAH FOR THE SOUTH! **Hurrah.**

~~~~~  
PARAPHRASED BY G. W. HOPKINS.  
~~~~~

Hurrah for the South, 'tis joy to see,
Far in the mighty dawn,
The genius of old Liberty
With all her armor on.
The glory of her sword has cast
The tyrant's might away :
Sound loud your trumpets to the blast—
Hurrah for the Confederate States, Hurrah !

Hurrah for the South ! for she has woke
From out her dream at length,
The promises at Washington are broke,
And now, godlike in her strength.
Erect she stands, while round her brow
Bright hopes of freedom play—
Exulting she is harnessed now—
Hurrah for the Confederate States, hurrah !

Hurrah for the South, her banner cry
 Gallops upon the wind ;
 The seven stars to the wind let fly,
 With uncaged pride behind.
 Confusion to the abolition Tory knaves,
 Her mighty course would stay—
 No ! her sons like fanatics never rave,
 Hurrah for the seven manly States, hurrah.

Hurrah for the South! God speed
 The good cause in her hands ;
 And may all freemen in their need
 Possess such hearts and hands.
 Hark how a nation's thunders roll,
 And shout to arms, ye Braves !
 Hurrah for the Confederate Boys, hurrah.
 Hurrah for the South, Old England cries,
 Victor Emanuel and Italy smiles ;
 New Mexico and Arizona in joy replies,
 With one long shout throughout the mines,
 Down with the Lincoln Despots, resound,
 Throughout the world awaking round—
 Hurrah for the Confederate States, hurrah!

THE MERRY LITTLE SOLDIER:

I'm a merry little Soldier,
 Fearing neither wound nor scar,
 When in battle, no one bolder
 Valour is my leading star.

To arms, to arms we'll fly,
 When honor calls, no foe appals,
 We'll conquer or we'll nobly die.

Then march away, march away,
 Trumpets sound and symbols play,
 March away ! march away !
 To the merry fife and drum:

Hark ! the martial trumpets sounding,
 Notes that echo loud alarms ;
 To support our troops in Pensacola,
 Sons of the South, to arms.
 To arms, etc.

Sons of the South ! Sons of Freedom !
 Draw your swords ; raise high your shield ;
 Haste, for Confederate future safety,
 Make the Black Republicans yield.
 To arms, etc.

Pretty maids with arms extended,
 For protection loudly call ;
 We from harm will try to shield 'em,
 Or for them in glory fall.
 To arms, etc.

Lovely woman is a treasure ;
 What is man without their aid ?
 To protect them is a pleasure ;
 I've a heart that's not afraid.
 To arms, etc.

LINCOLN GOING TO CANAAN:

At Pensacola landing the south has made a standing,
 To resist an invasion they're preparing—
 Let Lincoln and his might come and give us a little
 fight,
 And we'll send 'em to the Happy Land of Canaan.

Oh! ha, ha, oh ha, ha, the Southern boys are a'-
 coming;
 They'll never mind the weather, but get overdou-
 ble trouble, for they're not going to mind you
 Massa Lincoln.

Old Lincoln is determined upon the revenue
 collecting;

A nice time he'll have, we're athinking;
 With all his ships of war let him try it if he 'dar,
 And we'll send him to the Happy Land of Canaan.
 Chorus—Oh, ha, ha, &c.

Fort Sumpter it has fell, now Lincoln may go to h-
 Seward and his race all according—
 Carolina she is there, throwing bombs in the air,
 'To light 'em to the Happy Land of Canaan.
 Chorus—Oh, ha, ha, &c.

Old Jeff he's the man that's taken a noble stand,
 To stand up to the South I'm a thinking;
 He'll never give up the landing, for the South is
 nobly planning,

To send them to the happy land of Canaan.

Chorus—Oh, ha, ha, etc.

Lincoln talked very loud, for he thought Sumpter
Hard to take,

By the rebels he was deceiving,

But the Southern Guard, led on by Gen. Beaureg'd,
Put him in a devil of a thinking.

Chorus—Oh, ha, ha, ha, etc.

Now, as the war's begun, let's have a little fun,

And we'll give them our ideas according,

For the boys are not afraid, uncle Jeff's taken the
lead,

And he'll send them to the happy land of Canaan.

Chorus—Oh, ha, ha, etc.

Onward is the march, through the border states
we'll search,

To meet Cameron, Chase and Seward acoming,

Ben McCulloch will be there, and he'll make them
look and stare;

For he'll send them to the happy land of Canaan.

Chorus—Oh, ha, ha, etc.

Old Virginia and brave Maryland are joining fast
the Southern band,

To meet our foes they swiftly are preparing;

Old Gen. Bragg is steady and the boys they are all
ready

To land them in the happy land of Canaan.

Chorus—Oh, ha, ha, etc.

THE LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR.

The moon on the ocean was dimmed by a ripple,
 Affording a chequered light—
 The gay jolly tars passed the word for a tippie,
 And the toast—for 'twas Saturday night—
 Some sweetheart or wife
 He loved as his life,
 Each drank, and he wished he could hail her ;
 But the standing toast,
 That pleased the most,
 Was the wind that blows,
 The ship that goes,
 And the lass that loves a sailor.
 Some drank Southern Rights, and some her brave ships,
 And some the new Constitution ;
 Some, may the Abolitionists, and all such rips,
 Yield to Southern determination.
 That fate may bless,
 Some Poll or Bess,
 And that they soon might hail her.
 Some drank the Privateers, and some our land,
 And Southern rights for ever ;
 Some that our tars may never want,
 Heroes brave to lead them ;
 That she who's in distress may find
 Such friends that ne'er will fail her.
 But the standing toast, &c.



THE IRISHMAN'S SHANTY.

Did ye's ever go in'till an Irishman's shanty?
 Och! b'ys, that's the place where the whiskey is plenty;
 With his pipe in his mouth, there sits Paddy so free,
 No king in his palace is prouder than he!

Arrah! me honey! w-h-a-c-k! Paddy's the boy.

There's a three-legged stool, with a table to match,
 And the door of the shanty is locked with a latch;
 There's a nate feather matrass all bustin' with straw,
 For the want of a bedstead, it lies on the floor.

Arrah! me honey! &c.

There's a snug little bureau without paint or gilt,
 Made of bords that was left when the shanty was built,
 There's a three-cornered mirror hangs up on the wall,
 The devil-a face has been in it at all.

Arrah! me honey! &c.

He has pigs in the sty, an a cow in the stable,
 And he seeds them on scraps that is left from the table
 They'd starve if confined, so they roam at their aise,
 And come into the shanty whenever they please.

Arrah! me honey! &c.

He has three rooms in one—kitchen, bed-rom and hall,
 And his chist it is three wooden pegs in the wall ;
 Two suits of ould clothes makes his wardrobe complete
 One to wear in the shanty, that same for the street.
 Arrah ! me honey ! &c.

He can relish good victuals as ever ye's ate,
 But is always continted with praties and mate ;
 He prefers them when cowl'd (if he can't get them hot,
 And makes tay in a bowl when he can't get a pot.
 Arrah ! me honey ! &c.

There is one who partakes of his sorrow and joys,
 (Attends to the shanty, the girls and the boys ;
 The brats he thinks more of than gold that's refined)
 But Biddy's the jewel that's set in his mind.
 Arrah ! me honey ! &c.

The rich may divide there enjoyments alone,
 With those who have riches as great as there own ;
 But Pat hangs the latch-string outside of his door,
 And will share his last cent with the needy and poor.
 Arrah ! me honey ! &c.

WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE
D A N C E,
 TO-NIGHT, BOYS!

Oh, listen to this good old tune,
 And then I'll sing another,
 Oh, Massa's gone this afternoon,
 To call upon his brother.

So darkies wait a little while,
 Till he gets out ob sight,
 We'll drop the shovel and the hoe;
 And have a little dance to-night.

CHORUS:

We'll have a little dance to-night, boys,
 And dance by the light of the moon.

I want the cambric handkerchief,
 I want the beaver hat,
 Oh, hand me down the high-heeled boots,
 Likewise the silk cravat.
 The darkies all are grinning,
 Their teeth look very white,
 'Case they're going over the mountain,
 To have a little dance to-night.
 To have a little dance, &c. !

I get up at the break of day,
 To take my morning walk;
 I meets my lovely Julian,
 And this is the way we talk:
 "I say, you are my only love,
 You are my heart's delight.
 Won't you go over the river,
 To have a little dance, &c.

MY LITTLE NED AND I.

My little playmate's dead and gone!

I gave him many a tear!

A merry little negro boy,

Just twelve years old this year,

Alas! that on my childhood heart

So great a grief should lie!

We'll no more play, by night or day,

My little ned and I.

He was my shaddow where I went,

Subservient to my will,

But with enduring gentleness

He made me gentler still,

We climed the trees, we bridged the brook,

We chased the butterfly;

We'll no more play by night or day,

My little Ned and I.

I knew when he became so ill,

His little soul would go,

Although my mother nursed him well

And the Doctor said, oh, no!

For I had dreamed I saw his face

Look smiling from the sky;

We'll no more play, by night or day,

My little Ned and I.

I heard him talking to himself

About the children fair,

With spangled dresses, all so fine,

Who played around him there;

He whispered low and promised them

To join them by and by;

We'll no more play, by night or day,

My little Ned and I.

That long, long night we watched his death,
 The dogs howled at the door,
 The owls cried from the forest tree
 A hundred times or more ;
 My mother closed his glazing eyes.
 Whilst I stood sobbing by ;
 We'll no more play, by night or day,
 My little Ned and I !

And when the great plantation bell
 Resounded for the roll,
 The roll-call of the heavens received
 Another shining soul.
 I am a school-boy now—and he—
 An angel in the sky ;
 We'll no more play by night or day,
 My little Ned and I.

HAPPY LAND OF CAANAN No. 2.

I

Good evening, white folks all,
 I have made this little call,
 To tell a thing just popp'd into my crane'um,
 It's all about the times,
 And I've done it up in rhymes,
 To the tune of the Happy Land of Canaan.
 Ob, oh, oh, Ha, ha, ha, ha ha,
 Every honest hand I'd put a cane in,
 To whip them all that tried
 The Democrats to divide,
 And send 'em to the Happy Land of Canaan.

II

Some folks talk about the South,
 But they'd better shut their mouth,

For the niggers on a Southern plantation,
 Are better off by far
 Than the Northern poor folks are,
 For they've always got a steady situation.
 Chorus.

III

Some people now a days,
 Have very curious ways,
 And say, Human flesh was never made to trade in,
 With words of freedom on their lips,
 They'll fit out clipper-ships,
 And send niggers to the Happy Land of Caanan.
 (Spoken.) That's Cuba; that's their Happy Land of
 Caanan, where they get a good price for the niggers.
 Chorus.

IV

It's a funny thing to me,
 That the nigger now should be,
 The question every body wants explainin',
 When there's not a single man,
 For the niggers care a d——m
 But they'd send 'em to the Happy Land of Caanan.
 (Spoken.) It ain't niggers, it's de dollars makes de
 trouble; dem folks what can't get de spoils, do dere
 best to spoil de chances of dem dat does get 'em;
 dat's where de trouble is.
 Chorus.

V

We hear some funny tales,
 About Abe Lincoln splitting rails,
 That his reputation never had a stain on,
 But the Democrats he can't split,
 For men will come together yet,
 And send him to the Happy Land of Caanan.
 Chorus.

Then let us shout Hurray !
 For our country, near and far,
 Let the Democrats good feeling be regaining,
 And join in sweet communion,
 To preserve our Southern Union,
 And send discord to the Happy Land of Caanan
 Chorus.

DIXIE'S LAND.

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
 Cimmon seed 'an sandy bottom—

In Dixie's Land whar I was born in,
 Early on one frosty mornin.

Chor.—Look away—look 'way—Dixie
 Land.

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie,
 Hooray—Hooray !

In Dixie's Land, we'll took our stand
 To lib and die in Dixie. (Repeat

Away—away down South in Dixie ?

Old Missus Marry Will de weaber,
 William was a gay deceaber ;

Look away, etc.

When he put his arm around 'er,
 He look as fierce as a forty pounder,

Look away, etc.

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.
His face was sharp like bucher's cleaber,
But dat didn't seem to grieb her ;

Look away. etc.

Will run away—Missus took a decline, oh
Her face was de color ob bacon-rine-oh!

Look away, etc.

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.
How could she act such a foolish part,
As marry a man dat break her heart ?

Look away, etc.

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc

Here's a health to de next old Missus,
And all de galls dat wants to kiss us ;

Look away, etc.

Now if you want to dribe away sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow !

Look away, etc.

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.
Sugar in de gourd and stonny batter,
De whites grow fat an de niggers fatter!

Look away, etc.

Den hoe it down and scratch your grab.
ble,

To Dixie's Land I'm bound to trabble,

Look away, etc.

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc



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